

AN
EPISTLE

TO

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, Esq;

With NOTES

EXPLANATORY, CRITICAL, and HISTORICAL,

BY

GEORGE FAULKNER, Esq;

And ALDERMAN.

Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia solus.

Hor.

The SIXTH EDITION, with considerable ADDITIONS.

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GEORGE EDMOND HOWARD, ESQ.

THE NOTIS

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P. 1



GEORGE EDMOND HOWARD, ESQ.

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Advertisement, by the Annotator.

THIS Poem is justly ranked with the most celebrated Compositions of Doctor Swift, Pope, Major Pack, Cowley, Prior, Mrs. Pilkington, Parnel, Addison, and Henry Jones, whose Works may be had, bound or in Sheets, at my Shop in Parliament-street. I have undertaken, at the Request of my Friends, to add Annotations, Remarks, Strictures, and Observations, explanatory, critical and historical, for the Benefit of Strangers, who might otherwise be ignorant of many Persons, Things, and Circumstances, alluded to in the Composition, after the Manner and Form of my Notes on Dr. Jonathan Swift, D. S. P. D. that have not a little contributed to improve, and likewise make his Works be understood.

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I am, Sir, D. D. D. that have
and accurate make the Works be-
neficially.

A N
E P I S T L E

T O

Gorges Edmond Howard, Esq; (a)

LET F—k—r boast (b) of rhymes and letters,
To praise himself, and maul his betters;

For

(a) *Epistle to G. E. H.*]—He hath amassed a considerable fortune by various means, and lived in tolerable repute, as a practising attorney, till he quarrelled with the author hereof; who has since exposed him in sundry witty paragraphs, pointed epigrams, stinging repartees, facetious verses, biting epistles, humorous acrostics, sharp raileries, keen retorts, brilliant quibbles, and anonymous stanzas.

(b) *Let Faulkner boast, &c.*]—George Faulkner, printer, bookfeller, and author of the *Dublin Journal*. He hath lived with the first wits of the present age in great credit, and upon a footing of much intimacy and kindness. He is well known to have been the particular friend of the Dean of St. Patrick's, and at this moment corresponds with the Earl of Chesterfield, whose letters will be published by him immediately after the demise of said Earl. He was sent to Newgate by the House of Commons, in the year 1738, for his steadiness in prevaricating in the cause of liberty; and sworn an alderman of Dublin in the year 1770: fined for not serving the office of sheriff in the year 1768. His *Journal* (to which he hath lately added a fourth column) is circulated all over Europe, and taken in at the coffee-houses in Constantinople, besides Bath, Bristol, Boston, Tunbridge Wells, Bournemouth, Virginia, and Eyre-Connaught. In his paragraphs he hath always studied the prosperity and honour of his native country, by strenuously decrying of whiskey, projecting cellars, holes made by digging for gravel in the high roads, voiding of excrements in the public streets, throwing of squibs, crackers, sky-rockets, and bone-fires; by which
many

For law and wit we read your page,

Which guides the courts and charms the stage. (c)

The *ermin'd* sages quote your *Pleas*,

And children lisp your roundelays.

On

many lives are lost, men, women, and children maimed; sick persons disturbed out of their sleep; eyes burned out, and horses startled; recommending it to Archbishops, Dukes, Lords, Privy Counsellors, Generals, Colonels, Field Officers, and Captains, to fall down precipices, tumble into cellars, be overturned by rubbish thrown in the streets, in order to remove nuisances; dissuading all bloods, bucks, smarts, rapparees, and other such infernal night-walkers, from committing man-slaughter upon pigs, hackney-horses, watchmen's lanthorns and other enormities: prophane cursing and swearing, and breaking the Sabbath, and the commandments; exclaiming against the importation of potatoes, and advising to grow more corn; inciting to virtue by characters in his Journal, and calling upon the magistrates to do their duty.—The Earl of Chesterfield compareth him unto Atticus a Roman Baronet, and sundry other compliments.—*N. B.* His nephew Todd, continueth to make the best brawn, and hath lately imported a large quantity of James's Powders.

Besides the great men above mentioned, as Dean Swift and the Earl of Chesterfield, who at present correspond with the author hereof, he hath the most kind, affectionate, and complimentary letters from the celebrated Mr. Pope, of which the following underwritten Epistle is a copy.

“ To Mr. George Faulkner, Bookfeller, in Dublin.

“ S I R,

“ I hear you have lately published an edition of Doctor Swift's Works: send it to me by the first opportunity, and assure the Dean that I am ever, his sincere and affectionate servant.

“ Alexander Pope.”

Also the following most friendly letter from the famous Mr. Wilkes.

“ To Alderman Faulkner, Dublin.

“ S I R,

“ As I have no further occasion for your Journal, I desire you will discontinue sending it to your humble servant, John Wilkes.”

(c) *Which guides the courts, and charms the stage.*—Howard hath published *Pleas* on the Exchequer Equity; *Rules of Chancery*; *Almeyda*, or the *Rival Kings*, a Tragedy; the *Siege of Tamar*, and the *Female Gamester* in Manuscript.

On Fancy's wing aloft you soar,
To praise Monroe, (d) and Letty Gore ;

Their

(d) *To praise Monroe*—This hinteth unto the under-written stanzas of said Howard, whereby he adviseth and encourageth a painter to proceed in painting said lady, and likewise publickly declareth, that he himself will be an adventurer, and will dare to undertake to compleat, and also to finish the piece, by partly supplying some hints, whereby said painter may be forwarded in his work.

To a certain nobleman, on being told he had wished for the picture of a celebrated beauty.

Fond swain, I hear your wish is such,
Some painter should on canvass touch,
The beauties of Monroe ;
But where's the adventurer will dare,
The happy mixture to prepare,
Her peerless charms to shew.

Yet by those radiant beauties fir'd,
And my ambitious muse inspir'd,
Let me some hints supply ;
To nature's stores then straight resort,
Call ev'ry tint, the goddess court,
This piece to dignify.

—First, let the cheek with blushes glow,
Just as when damask roses blow,
Glitt'ning with morning dew ;
Contrasted with the virgin white,
With which the lily glads the sight,
Blend them in lovely hue.

And truly then that cheek to grace,
Upon her flowing tresses place,
The chesnut's auburn down ;
Her lips you may in fort depaint,
By cherries ripe, yet ah 'twere faint,
Should they with her's be shewn.

Next, let two eyes with lustre gleam,
Even as the sun's reflected beam,
Upon the glassy lake ;
Tinge it with dye of brilliant jet,
Let it in milk be sweetly set,
Each wand'ring heart to take.

Let

Their charms shall last in song divine,
 Like embryos preserv'd in wine. (e)
 Your classic pencil finely traces,
 The beauties of the SISTER GRACES ; (f)
 When in an easy vein you tell us,
 Of Love's mistake, and Venus jealous.

His

Let the transparent web of lawn,
 Be o'er the virgin bosom drawn,
 As fair — yet cold as snow ;
 That love may thro' the veil espy,
 What else were more than mortal eye,
 Cou'd view and safely know.

But O to trace th' internal grace,
 That beams divinely in her face,
 How vain the muse would soar :
 If e'er celestial cherub came,
 To bless thy sight, in mystic dream,
 Snatch that — the task is o'er.

(e) *Like embryos preserved in wine.*] — Embryo's are young children which are not born, which Anatomists after they come into the world preserve in spirits of wine in bottles. There is the finest Collection of these in the known world, in the College Anatomy-house, in Dublin ; also many human figures of both sexes in wax, in the fact of child-bearing, a dead shark, and an Ægyptian mummy, as old as king Charlemagne. — It maybe of great service to families who are apt to keep their children in bottles, to mention an accident which happened by this means, to a person who was my particular acquaintance. Being taken in the night with a violent tooth-ach, and wanting to swage it with brandy, or some hot liquor, he started out of bed in the dark, and seized a bottle which he found on the top of the chimney, but being surprized to meet something solid between his teeth, he cried out to his lady, who was asleep by his side, what's this in the bottle over the chimney ? and was much concerned and ready to vomit, when she replied, that it could be nothing else but poor little Dickey. — By burying them decently as soon as they are born, it may prevent their being drank, and other accidents to which bottled children are liable.

(f) *The beauties of the SISTER GRACES.*] — Three Miss Montgomeries, on whom Howard wrote the following under-written verses hinted in these notes.

On

His fire his fortune to improve,
 To study law young Ovid drove, (g)
 He heeded nought but verse and love.
 The same thy vein ;—but happier you,
 Can make estates and verses too ;

B

In

On the absence and return of THE THREE FAVOURITE SISTERS.

Of late Love's Queen all in despair,
 Fled through each region of the air,
 Her graces were astray :
 To seek them, Maia's winged son,
 From Pole to Pole with speed had run,
 It was a bustling day.

Cupid, who had to earth been sent,
 Return'd, with haste and toil near spent,
 And vow'd he saw them there :
 That 'twas on fam'd Ierne's shore,
 Than which with beauties none shines more,
 On the terrestrial sphere.

Straightway a troop of little Loves,
 Who tend their Queen where e'er she moves,
 And bask in her sweet eyes :
 Flew for the nymphs, whom, when they brought,
 Alack ! 'twas found the urchins caught,
 The three Montgomeries.

Soon as their charms shone full to view,
 The Papias Goddess jealous grew,
 She fear'd her future reign :
 Her boy she chid for his mistake,
 Nor would forgive, 'till he took back,
 The three to earth again.

(g) *To study law young Ovid drove.*] — Ovid, otherwise called Naso, a famous poet in the reign of Augustus. He wrote several books of *Metamorphoses*, or the changing of one thing into another, *Love Epistles*, and *Fast Days*: he was not called to the bar, nor ever practised as an attorney. For further particulars see his works, *In Usam Delphini*, printed and sold by me in Parliament-street.

In both you equally succeed,
 Resistless when (you sing or plead ;
 Thus by the force of diff'rent arts,
 Men loose their lands, and maids their hearts.

Oh how each breast with rapture glow'd,
 At your sublime Pindaric Ode : (h)

With your applause the Garden rings, (i)
 When you describe the best of Kings ;

All

(h) *At your sublime Pindaric Ode.*]—Howard wrote an Ode on his Majesty's Birth-day, which much resembles Dryden's on the Feast of Alexander. I have consulted sundry of the best critics, judges, and genuises ; Mr. Dexter, who keepeth the Four-Courts Marshalsea ; Mr. Kavanagh, attorney at law ; Mr. Croker ; Ald. Emerson, at the Spinning-wheel, Castle-street, and others ; who all assure me they don't think Howard's Ode superior to Dryden's. In my own opinion, Dryden's is preferable.—For instance, the following Stanzas equal if not superior to any of the aforesaid Poet's, or of Swift, Pope, Pindar, Plutarch or C. Cibber.

I.
 Celestial maids descend and sing,
 With rapture touch the trembling string ;
 To hail the sun of this auspicious morn,
 On which the Star of Britain's isle was born.

II.
 While conquerors joy in din of arms,
 And shake the globe with dire alarms ;
 Great GEORGE'S glory is to be
 The best, the Father of the free.

III.
 When death shall blot out every name,
 And time shall break the Trump of fame :
 When tongues shall cease, and worlds consume,
 Thy fame shall last, thy glories bloom.

(i) *With your applause the garden rings.*]—The Garden, commonly called the New Gardens, or Dr. Bartholomew Moss's Gardens. They were opened in the year 1757, and an hospital erected for
 ying

All hearts to loyalty you tune, (k)

'Till Jacobites turn Whigs in June! (l)

Well Bartlemon' (m) you may take pride in

A bard who soars above old Dryden; (n)

B 2

For

lying in women. 'Tis an excellent charity, and a stately edifice.—
'This note was sent me by an ingenious friend, who desires his
name may not be made public.

(k) *All hearts to loyalty you tune.*]—The people of Ireland are remarkable for a great deal of loyalty, and thick legs: as a proof of this, the Government goes in their coaches every 4th of November round the statue of his Majesty King George II. at Stephen's-green, in honour of King William III. who hath one of his own in College-green, of glorious and immortal memory, whom God long preserve.

(l) *Jacobites turn Whigs in June.*]—The furious blind rank sticklers for the House of Stewart, were called Jacobites, because they abhorred, detested, and disliked King William III. of glorious and immortal memory. I knew a Jacobite of great learning, parts, and erudition, who was found smothered alive in the Black-hole at Calcutta, with my Journal in his fob.

(m) *Bartlemon.*] A celebrated musician, who playeth upon the fiddle at the New-Gardens, or Doctor Bartholomew Moss's Gardens. He set Howard's ode to music, on the birth-day of his Majesty George III. whom God long preserve. *Vivat Rex.*

(n) *A bard who soars above old Dryden.*]—John Dryden, a poet, who was well known in the reign of Charles II. He was born of a gentleman's family in Northamptonshire. In order to give his Countrymen of Ireland some more intimate knowledge of him, (no author's works having a better sale at my shop in Parliament street) I undertook a journey to London, to collect materials for his life; but after remaining there three months for this purpose, I could only learn that he was accustom'd to sit in a big chair among the wits at Button's; and this my friends telling me not being sufficient for a life of said poet, I accordingly discontinued it.

I also begun a life of the Dean of St. Patrick's, in a style which was much admired; and equal to the fine simplicity of the Greeks, and the Dean himself, which I begun in this manner. "Dean " Swift was a man who had wax in his ears." I am in possession of many other anecdotes, known to no person now living, and when they are compleated it will be published by me and my executors in Parliament-street.

For who that Howard's Ode can taste,
 Will relish Alexander's Feast?
 Shou'd foolish George attempt to turn all
 Your works to burlesque, in his Journal,
 You'll make him of your wit the butt,
 And prove a deadlier foe than Foote. (o)
 For tho' good natur'd all your life,
 Averse to calumny and strife,
 Yet Satire's sting you can impart,
 Tho' oft good-nature hides the dart :

On

(o) *And prove a deadlier foe than Foote.*]—Samuel Foote, Esq; manager of the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-market, London. He exposed Alderman Faulkner, under the character of Peter Paragraph, in one of his pieces, acted upon Smock-alley stage in Dublin. He was prosecuted for said offence by Mr. Faulkner, and tried before Mr. Justice Robinson, who inveighed very eloquently against stage-players, and said he might be considered as rubbish or a dunghill, and brought under the head of nuisances.—The learned council for the prosecutor, also compared him unto Aristophanes, and the alderman unto Socrates; adding also, that Socrates was not the worse for the comparison. The play-house would have run with blood on this occasion, and many swords would have been drawn, had not Mr. Faulkner prevailed on his friends (who were present every night of the representation) to hear the piece out, and let him take his remedy by law; to which they very obligingly consented. — N. B. Said Foote hath with impunity exposed upon the stage, some of the greatest men, and greatest wits now living; such as the late Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Glover, the late alderman Beckford, Mr. Langford the auctioneer, Mr. Peter Taylor, and the rev. Mr. Whitefield. He lost his leg by a providential fall from his horse, in company with his late royal highness the Duke of York, at the seat of the Earl of Mexborough. He was taken up much bruised, and the amputation was performed by Surgeon Bromfield.

On thistles thus soft down we spy,
 Yet underneath sharp prickles lie,
 In vain the Freeman aid shall bring,
 “ You’re not a bee without a sting; (p)
 Tho’ wisely ev’ry sweet you cull,
 Of which your apothegms are full. (q)

You prove what riches tillage yields, (r)
 And smiling plenty crowns our fields;

Sure

(p) “ *You’re not a bee without a sting* ”]—There is a peculiar felicity (as I am told) in this comparison of Howard unto a bee, although the Epistle sayeth that he “ is not a bee,” for whereas a bee never resteth upon one bud or flower, but flyeth about in wandering and uncertain angles, from shrub to shrub, and from Hollyhock to poppy, and never is content until his bags be filled: so Howard hath amassed an ample fortune by different occupations; and also hath compleated a volume of apothegms, from the divers rich spoils of learning which he hath happened to encounter in his poring over books, many of which he hath had access to in my shop in Parliament-street.

(q) *Of which your apothegms are full.*]—Some of the greatest geniuses of antiquity, and the moderns, have taken particular delight in collecting all the wise sayings, and brilliant proverbs of the cute observers upon men, manners, and things—an excellent collection of this sort is to be found in one of the last pages of Boyer’s French Gentleman’s Grammar. But I am informed that the Lord Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albins, and Plutarch, have been more industrious in this way than any of their cotemporaries, the moderns. Howard, in imitation of these supernatural wits, is also the author of a compilation of an octavo volume, under the title of Howard’s Apothegms, collected from Bacon, Plutarch, Sir John Fielding, Julius Cæsar, The Wit’s Vade Mecum, Solon, a Christmas Box for Young Ladies, Taylor’s Holy Living and Dying, and the Buck’s Companion.

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Sure all who read you must allow,
 You write as if you held the plough.
 You prove by ploughs the kingdom's fed, (f)
 That *pictures* cannot serve for *bread*:
 From whence 'tis plain this lazy nation,
 Owes to your pen its preservation.

My muse the Architect now greets,
 Whose lofty domes adorn our streets; (s)

Who

(f) *You prove by ploughs the kingdom's fed.*]—Ploughs, an instrument for turning up the earth, were first invented by Triptolemus, a near relation of the Goddess Ceres, and afterwards much improved by Mr. John Wynne Baker, of the Dublin Society.—The Irish formerly ploughed by the tail with bullocks; but upon Dr. Swift's voyage to the Houynhams being published, and his saying so much in praise of horses, this barbarous, horrid, atrocious, shocking, detestable, cruel, nefarious custom was abolished by act of parliament. See an Abridgment of the Irish Statutes, sold by me in Parliament-street.

(s) *Whose lofty domes adorn our streets.*]—Howard owneth many houses in Parliament-street. I built my own house myself, Howard having nothing to say to it, nor shall ever come within my doors, unless it be to pay for advertisements in my Journal, or to buy medicines of my nephew Todd.—It may be worth while to mention a very entertaining anecdote (for the satisfaction of the curious) relating thereunto: When my house was building, I happened to be out of the way one morning, penning an advertisement for an agreeable companion to pay half the expence of a post chaise, to see that stupendous curiosity of nature, the Giant's Causeway, about which 'tis still a doubt amongst the learned, whether it be done in common way by giants, or whether it be an effort of spontaneous nature, and my house was erected without any stair-case; whereby the upper stories were rendered useless, unless by the communication of a ladder placed in the street. But upon considering my misfortune in wanting my member, and the carelessness of hackney coachmen, who drive furiously through the streets at all hours, in a state of drunkenness from spirituous liquors, whereby

Who, Vanburg like, claims double bays, (t)
 For piling stones, and writing plays.
 Your skill instructs Gymnastic schools, (u)
 And Carte and Tierce reduc'd to rules,
 Prove you the first of mortal men.
 To poise a sword, or point a pen.
 New light on ev'ry art you strike,
 And matchless shine in all alike ;

For

whereby the ladder might be shook or thrown down when I was ascending it, I thought it better to re-bulld my house, and it has at present a stair-case, by which there is a convenient and elegant communication between all parts of said tenement.—It is somewhat remarkable that my house in Essex-street had no stair-case, whereby nature seemeth to point out, that having but one leg, I ought not to attempt climbing, and should always remain on the ground floor.

(t) *Who Vanburg like, &c.*—Sir John Vanburg. He was a great poet and architect. I was not personally acquainted with him any farther than printing his works, because he died before my time. Being imprisoned in the Bastile, and having no light, nor pen or ink allowed him, he amused himself with drawing divers plans of the Bastile, which he hath since introduced into many buildings with great success, particularly Blenheim, which much resemblith the Bastile.

(u) *Your skill instructs Gymnastic schools.*—Howard wrote a treatise on fencing, and is accounted an expert swordsman—He declined accepting a challenge which I sent him to fight my nephew Todd, (in the way of proxy) at the Fifteen Acres, with pistols. I could not fight myself, because I am pledged to the public for my Journal, three times a week, and have the care of the city upon me in my capacity of an alderman. My nephew was at first unwilling to accept the combat, but upon my promising to leave him the Journal after my death, and making him take two spoonfuls of his own *Elixir Vitæ*, he at last consented. This medicine is only imported by him, and is excellent for preventing accidents by sudden death and megrims: It also cureth all mortal wounds, by gun-shot and other missive weapons.

For who can tell if most you're skill'd in
 The pen, the plough, the sword, or building?
 A puny author may disclose
 Some skill in rhyme, but none in prose;
 In prose another shews his wit,
 Who can't a single stanza hit:
 Your foes unwillingly confess,
 In both you equal skill possess. (v)

On

(v) *In both you equal skill possess.*]—This, I conceive, alludeth to the following under-written letter of Mr. Howard's, from Killarney, with the signature of *POBLICOLA*, with a description, and likewise a comparison of the Giant's Causeway, whereunto he subjoineth an inscription for the tomb-stone of Dr. Averel, bishop of Limerick, and uncle to the right hon. Francis Andrews, Provost of Trinity-College, Dublin, who representeth the loyal city of Londonderry in parliament.—*N. B.* That Killarney is a small village of that name in the county of Kerry. It is a market town, but doth not send two members to parliament, as most other boroughs do. It is part of the estate of Lord Viscount Kenmare, who hath forfeited his title, he being a Catholic nobleman, although very hospitable, and keepeth a most plentiful table, furnished with all the varieties the season affords. I also had the honour to dine with him when I journeyed into these parts, to see the beauties of this wonderful lake.

To the Printer of the DUBLIN MERCURY.

SIR,

Killarney, Sept. 26th, 1771.

I have at length seen what I have long wished to see, this wonderful lake; to attempt to describe it would require the ablest pen of the ancient poets, or, of modern poets, the famous painter of Killarney, wherefore, I shall never attempt it:—yet notwithstanding all the beauties of the lake, I cannot think it, as a curiosity, equal to the Giant's Causeway; I have seen both, I never saw any thing *LIKE* the first, nor any thing *EQUAL* to the latter; this distinction is agreed to by all I have mentioned it to. But alas! this lake has been the death of a man for whom the whole province here is in tears, the late bishop of Limerick,

On a *true* mirrour's polish'd face,

All objects thus we plainly trace,

C

But

Limerick, Dr. Averel, our countryman:—To sum up all shortly as I can, I heard the people of Limerick, (where I was shortly after his death) say, that there has not been such a bishop since the time of the apostles; that the Romish clergy said, they should not wonder, had he lived any time, if they had lost many of their flocks.—What obligations then are due to our Lord Lieutenant, for having appointed such a man their pastor, for though Heaven has pleased to take him away, his successor will hear so much of him, that he cannot but endeavour to imitate him? I heard this acknowledged by several, as also for his concurrence in appointing that well known friend to his country, and their city, especially, speaker: from these and many other like instances of his impartial conduct, it is wished that we may never lose him,—and every day the advantage of a resident Vice-roy becomes more and more manifest; that from this new mode of government, there is far more likelihood that merit will be rewarded, proper persons appointed to offices, and the laws supported and executed. A gentleman of your city happening to be at Limerick, shortly after the interment of the bishop, and hearing the prodigious great character of him from all persons, wrote the following lines, extempore, as an inscription for a monument.

P O B L I C O L A.

Beneath this marble stone weep, mankind weep,
Averel, your friend lies wrapp'd in endless sleep;
Who, for the poor alone, did fortune crave,
And deem'd himself but rich in that he gave;
From whom, the pray'r of want, or plaint of woe
Ne'er did unpitied, or unhappy goe.
His mournful flock to their blest'd pastor's praise,
With grateful heart this parting tribute pays.

Before our quarrel, Howard wrote the following Epitaph on me, which had we continued friends, I should not have been sorry to see put upon my Tombstone, which I now accordingly publish, that my friends may see what an opinion Howard once entertained of me.

An Epitaph on George Faulkner.

Beneath this Stone lyes set
An Earthly Light,
George Faulkner.
To tell you what he was
Would be to tell the World
There was a Sun and Moon.

Oh

But if in spots the MERC'RY lie,
A broken image meets the eye.

O Howard! is it not surprizing,
Your wit alone should stop your rising!
Else on the bench you might be thrust,
Tho' slow as snail, that crawls thro' dust,
By self-conceit you might advance,
As quicksilver makes puddings dance. (w)
From men of sense fools win the day,
As horses fly, when asses bray.
O sons of Dulness! bless'd by fate!
Fittest for law, for church, and state;
Your parent's influence prevails,
And gives her dunces—mitres—*seals*:

A

Oh then
But from this Star
Such Rays divine diverg'd
Hospitality, Friendship, Love,
That all who saw admir'd.
Can more be said?
If ought,
— Say it who can.

(w) *As quicksilver makes puddings dance.*—Nothing is more entertaining to a large company, than to see a pudding vibrating, shaking, moving, and dancing upon the dish, by means of quicksilver inserted into the body of it.

A Tisdall's depth, (x) a Townshend's wit
 Is not for plodding business fit;
 An Eagle's wings were form'd for flight,
 A Goose's furnish quills—to write.

I'd also sing, if I were able,
 Your generous wine, and festive table;
 Where all those wits in crowds assemble,
 Who make the vile Committee tremble:
 There, Donough's humour mirth provokes (y)
 While all admire his *Attic* jokes, (z)
 Tho' oft to prove his taste the best,
 He laughs alone at his own jest:
 Then boasts how once his patron rose.
 And told the story of THREE CROWS;

C 2

Which

(x) *A Tisdall's depth.*—The right hon. Philip Tisdall, Attorney General.

(y) *There Donough's humour mirth provokes.*—The rev. Doctor Dennis, chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; author of many ingenious pieces.

(z) *While all admire his Attic jokes.*—The people of Attica were remarkable for the goodness of their jokes, and for having the best salt for preserving meat for foreign importation; by which means they underfold all their neighbours in the article of salt provisions. I hope this may be a timely warning to this poor, undone, infatuated country.—Attica was called the Corke of Greece.

Which he'll insert, with meet apology,
 In his new System of Chronology; (a)
 And after mending Newton's errors, (b)
 St. Audeon's-Arch he'll fill with terrors.
 The Castle tribe aloud confess, (c)
 Him great Alcides of the press,
 Like that immortal hero known,
 For fathering labours *not his own*.

B—w—s, in epigram so smart, (d)

'Till

(a) *In his new System of Chronology.*—Doctor Dennis is at present engaged in digesting a new system of Chronology, under the title of Chronological and Historical Dissertations; which I shall be glad to print and sell at my shop in Parliament-street.

(b) *And after mending Newton's errors.*—Sir Isaac Newton. He was made a knight by Queen Anne, and master of the mint, a place worth 1000l. yearly. He was reckoned a good mathematician, and was very fond of looking through telescopes.

(c) *The Castle tribe aloud confess.*—This alludeth to the Doctor's being the supposed author of all the political pieces which appear in the Mercury.

(d) *B—w—s in Epigram so smart.*—Doctor Burrows during the administration of the Earl of Hertford, maintained the government by many ingenious pieces, particularly witty epigrams, for which he hath a peculiar facility. I have selected one, which was the most admired by the best judges, as a specimen of the Doctor's abilities.

What! sweet Miss Meredith of Chester,
 Espous'd to Alderman Trecothic!
 That stupid cit— but what possess'd her,
 To chuse an animal so gothic:
 Some demon sure her mind misled,
 To make a choice so void of reason;
 Else what could tempt the girl to wed,
 A wretch who soon must swing for treason.

A goose

'Till griping H—rt—d broke his heart, (e)
 Now deals in Hebrew roots profound,
 And only treads prophetic ground;
 Jerus'lem Artichoke supplies,
 Those visions that made Daniel wise.
 The Doctor proves to all the nation,
 No myst'rys couch'd in Revelation.
 'Till every gossip can explain,
 What sage divines explore in vain.
 No juggler ever play'd such tricks,
 As he with John's seven candlesticks,
 By whose mysterious lights are spied,
 Wicklow's Seven Churches typified.

Next

Another one.

A goose in the oven! no, fir, 'tis a slander,
 As some, who discover'd the fact can declare,
 For it was not a *goose*, but you a poor *gander*,
 (As fools will be peeping) who thrust your head there.

(e) 'Till griping H—rt—d broke his heart.]—Some of my most familiar and intimate critics and geniuses is of opinion that the poet meaneth gripping Hertford, and that it ought therefore to be spelled with a double p. But I candidly and totally differ from them, and prosecute my own opinion, in maintaining that it implyeth, that his Excellency the said Earl of Hertford, was grievously afflicted with various disorders of the gripes, brought upon him by windy flatulencies, mortal dry belly-achs, and other pinching sicknesses of the guts, during the time he presided over the chief government of this his native country; and that this was the whole tote of his case is notoriously known to every human creature, man, woman, or children, whether in the Castle, in the City, or the suburbs of Dublin.

Next maudlin B——ke, (f) whose novels please,
 Like some old dotard's reveries,
 Without beginning, middle, ending,
 To *utile* or *dulce* tending.
 With equal art, his genius pliant,
 Can drain a bog, or *quell a giant*.
 Whilst one hand wounds each venal brother,
 He for a bribe extends the other ;

Your

(f) *Next maudlin B——ke, &c.*]—Henry Brooke, Esq; an excellent poet, philosopher, and patriot. He hath for some time retired to his country seat in the Bog of Allen, where he is carrying on great improvements, in laying the country under water, and searching for hidden treasures in the bottom of lakes, ponds, marshes, sloughs, and other navigable rivers. He published a famous Novel, called, *The Fool of Quality*, which is sold in separate volumes, or together, at my shop in Parliament-street. There is so much variety in this piece, that the best judges agree, 'tis indifferent at what part you begin to read it, being beautifully interspersed with stories of beggars, trouts, foreign birds, and Indian princesses. The Earl of Chesterfield, as a proof of his esteem for his fine talents, made him a barrack-master. He is a true friend to the religion of his country, and hath written many excellent tracts in defence of Popery, and the Protestant persuasion. He wrote a ballad opera, called, *Jack the Giant-Queller*, being a satire upon the Lords Justices of Ireland, which was accordingly forbid to be represented. The excellent tragedy of *Gustavus* was also stopped for the same reason, by the Lord Chamberlain, being a noble incitement to sedition, in the cause of liberty. He was at first the conductor of the *Free-Press*, which trust he executed with great integrity, taking divers sums of money from several public officers, to prevent their being satirized in said Journal; which he did with great integrity. This Journal is not so universally circulated and admired as mine, because it containeth not such a variety of interesting particulars, intelligence from foreign courts, the Transit of Venus, high water at Dublin-bar, assize of bread, sailing and return of packets, births, deaths, and marriages; not to mention curious queries, and ingenious paragraphs.

Your character's worth just so much,
 As you afford, and he can touch :
 With ev'ry virtue he abounds,
 Who tips the patriot fifty pounds;
 Gold works strange wonders in his eyes,
 Makes cowards brave, and dunces wise.
 Like Swift, his hireling muse engages,
 On any side that pays best wages ;
 One while staunch friend to Martin Luther, (g)
 He finds pure light and gospel truth there ;
 Then thro' the realm makes proclamation,
 For Popery, Priests, and Toleration.
 He first with many a fair pretence,
 To public spirit, truth, and sense,

Hatch'd

(g) *One while staunch friend to Martin Luther.*—A Roman Catholic Clergyman, esteemed a good Preacher. He understood Italian, French and other antient languages. He quarrelled with the Pope of Rome about Transubstantiation and other Church ceremonies. Henry the VIIIth offered him the united Bishopricks of Clonsfert and Kilmacduagh, in the county of Galway, which he politely refused, and published a virulent libel against said King. Said King replied with much wit and humour, for which the Pope presented him a fine Provence Rose for a Nosegay, and called him Defender of the Faith, and so forth.—Nicholas Luther, who liveth at the sign of the Mitre and Punch Bowl, in Martin's-Lane, is descended from said Martin Luther.

Hatch'd that disgrace to law and reason,
 That mass of slander, dulness, treason;
 That Journal which the Arch produces, (h)
 For fingeing fowl, or viler uses.
 How chang'd from him whose noble rage,
 Brought great Gustavus to the stage,
 And rous'd the Patriot's god-like fire,
 In strains which Phœbus might admire.
 Now Metius' fate and his are one,
 By all he's torn, that's true to none.

MACRO, with college dust besprent, (i)
 There mingles to give malice vent,

Various

(h) *That Journal which the Arch produces.*—The Freeman's Journal is printed at St. Audone's Arch, in old Bridge-street, Dublin, where contrary to law, there is no Printer, nor any other person who answereth questions, but an old woman who is dumb. The following anecdote happened once to the Printer hereof. A gentleman came to his shop whom he had put amongst the deaths in his Journal the day before, and was much enraged to find himself dead, as it occasioned some confusion by those who were in his debt coming to demand what was due to them, whereupon the author hereof acted in this manner, Sir, said I, 'tis impossible for me to tell whether you be alive or dead, but I'm sure I gave you a very good character in my Journal. The gentleman was so pleased with the repartee, that he laid out thirteen shillings and four-pence half-penny before he left my former shop in Essex-street.

(i) *Macro, with college dust besprent.*—We have not been able to discover whom the author intendeth to describe in these verses: but some ingenious friends conjecture that it is some rev. gentleman, who understandeth many languages, and keepeth a play-house Mifs.

With various tongues thick fet as fame,
 And ev'ry tongue dispos'd to blame.
 In studious Macro may be seen,
 The copious Polyglot of spleen :
 He searches old and modern lore,
 To learn to hate his neighbour more ;
 Fond of men's follies and their vices,
 As beggar of his sores and lice is ;
 With eyes like fox, and mouth like shark,
 That seems less form'd to speak than bark.
 Let others while their bowls they quaff,
 Distend their lungs with heart-felt laugh ;
 In short shrill shrieks of fiend-like glee,
 He proves his risibility.
 His knowledge, like a treacherous beacon
 Holds out false lights to the mistaken,
 And when they wander from their way,
 Humanely leads them more astray.
 Yet Macro, whose peculiar pride,
 Is to expose a friend's blind side.

D

Can

Can to more glaring folly stoop :
 Himself a bankrupt *player's* dupe,

There bashful B——n once was seen,
 Mistaking dulness for the spleen :
 Who says, unsays, agrees, disputes,
 And his own arguments confutes.
 How eloquent in shrugs and sighs !
 In uplift hands, and winking eyes !
 What supplications, what contortions !
 His words half form'd, his thoughts abortions !
 Such wriggling, grasping, pawing, leering,
 You know not if it's praise or sneering.
 Such sudden stops and circumflections ;
 Such prefacings, and interjections,
 With "ah, good Heaven," and "oh, my God, fir ;
 " I'm wrong, I own, I kiss the rod, fir ;
 " There's weight and sense in all you utter—"
 --- Mere prologues to an egg and butter ;

That

That did not pudding sleeves declare him,
 Some antic Scaramouch you'd swear him.
 Yet underneath that form uncouth,
 Dwell candor, genius, sense and truth ;
 And no distortion can they find,
 Who view thee only in thy mind.

But oh, what power more dull than sleep,
 Does o'er my torpid senses creep ?
 Does Morpheus shed his poppies round ?
 Do fresh-pluck'd cowslips strew the ground ?
 Do harps Æolian lull my ear ?
 Are drones of Scottish bagpipes near ?
 Do beetles wind their drowsy horn ?
 Are gales from swampy Holland born ?
 In vain with snuff my nose I ply,
 In vain the power of salts I try,
 I yawn—I nod—for Cl--ke is nigh. (k)

D 2

Let

(k) *I yawn—I nod—for Cl—ke is nigh.*] — The rev. Dr. Clarke, Vice-Provost of Trinity-College, Dublin. He hath a very fine taste for poetry, which plainly appeareth by the specimen annexed to this piece, as it was first published.

Let mists and fogs invest my head,
 Let all the fathers pen'd be read,
 Bid B——nt recite his speech, (l)
 F——ns plead, or Garnet preach ; (m)
 Set mayor and alderman before me,
 Bid everlasting C——ll bore me,
 Tell o'er again a thrice told tale,
 Drench me with Port or ropy ale,

Be

*On a lady's forgetting her riding hat. Written by the Rev. Dr. Clarke,
 when Vice-Provost of Trinity-College.*

I.

Fair Anna had no heart to give,
 So left her head behind,
 Bright MINA on whose smiles I live,
 Was not by half so kind.

II.

Both head and heart she with her brought,
 And both she took away,
 And with her carried all she caught,
 THAT'S all THAT gaz'd THAT day.

III.

Ye nymphs that o'er nine wells preside,
 Instruct the willing fair,
 To give their hearts, whate'er betide,
 And hands when they come here.

IV.

So when we see St. John's great eve,
 The fires that round do move,
 Shall each instruct us to receive,
 A hand and heart that glow with love.

(l) *Bid B——nt recite his speech.*]—The Earl of B———t, Knight
 of the Bath ; famous for his eloquence and personal accomplish-
 ments.

(m) *F——ns plead, or Garnet preach.*]—Counsellor John Fitz—
 —Doctor Garnet, Bishop of Clogher. He wrote an excellent Para-
 phrase on the Book of Job. — The whole edition may be found at
 my Shop in Parliament-street.

Be opium mingled with my drink,
 My hands shan't fold, nor eye-lids wink :
 But these vain boasts avail not now,
 More pond'rous Cl--ke to thee I bow.
 When wilt thou ease the groaning town,
 Thou old cast troop horse of the gown ?
 What hast thou with the world to do,
 Or what the world to say to you ?
 Thou can't not now in amorous glee,
 Write madrigals to *fifty-three* (n)

And

(n) *Write madrigals to fifty-three.*] — Various are the conjectures of the learned on this passage. Mr. Kavanagh is of opinion, that it alludeth unto the political disputes which raged in the year fifty-three ; in which the Doctor may be supposed to have wrote madrigals, to appease the minds of the people. My nephew Todd inclineth to believe, that something is intended which he can't discover. For my own part, I opine, that it only referreth to the age of the lady, who had attained her fifty-third year. It certainly is not very genteel to ridicule this passion, which is properly called all powerful, to shew that it spareth neither age nor condition, station nor dignity ; not to mention the example of Anacreon, who was choaked with a grape-stone, drinking the health of his mistress, at the age of four-score : I am myself this instant a captive to the charms of a lady who has passed her grand climacteric, and have addressed many sonnets to her, in a style no less tender than the Doctor's, one of which, the most admired by my friends, I have selected, and venture to publish, as a proof of my passion, and a specimen of my poetical endowments.

To the Widow ———, on her taking a vomit of Ipecacuanha.

I.

Soft relect whose enchanting charms,
 My captive heart enthrall ;
 Whose frown congeals, whose kindness warms,
 Like honey mixt with gall.

Say,

And frisk in rhymes to please the dame,
 Which Christmas bell-man would disclaim.
 Nor can't thou now in fulsome strain,
 Pen Jacobite address again;
 And scandalizing Alma Mater, (o)
 Of right divine in monarchs chatter;
 Nor can't thou on extortion bent,
 Raise insurrections and thy rent. (p)

The

II.

Say when the nauseous draught you take,
 On Faulkner will you think;
 And for thy own dear lover's sake;
 His health in vomit drink.

III.

Discharge, bright maid, the foul contents,
 That now your stomach bind;
 But oh! be sure, at all events;
 Leave Love and George behind.

IV.

So when in sieve well pierced with holes,
 Where dregs of fires do rest,
 With shaking nought remains but coals,
 To warm the riddler's breast.

(o) *And scandalizing Alma Mater.*] — Mater, as may be found in Littleton's Dictionary, is Latin for mother. My nephew Todd is of opinion, that the Doctor must have had some quarrel with his mother: for my own part, how unwilling soever I may be to find fault with my author, I cannot but agree with Mr. Kavanagh, and other ingenious friends, that it were better not to divulge family brangles.

(p) *Raise insurrections and thy rent.*] — This relateth to a recent fact which happened about ten years ago in the north of Ireland. The Doctor being unwilling (for the benefit of the incumbent who was to succeed him) that his living should be let at an under value, insisted with his parishioners, who offered him twelve hundred yearly, to be paid fourteen; which they thinking unreasonable went to law, and reduced it to the sum of 700 l. This was the first beginning of the insurrection called the Oak Boys in the North of Ireland.

Then buzz no more, thou reverend drone,
But to thy kindred earth begone.

What figure next confounds my sight,
An Austrian Count, an Irish Knight ! (q)
With doleful phiz presaging wonder,
Much German pride and Irish blunder. (r)

No

(q) *An Irish Knight.*]—There are several sorts of Knights, Knights of Malta, Knights of the Garter, the Bath and Thistle, Knights of the Post, poor Knights of Windsor, Baronets and Batchelors, and the Knight of Kerry. The Author hereof was offered to be knighted in the field, by the Earl of Chesterfield in the Castle : but considering that said honour was to be conferred by the posture of kneeling, which is impossible to the author hereof, by reason of his member, which he according refused to accept, making divers acknowledgements for declining said honour. This objection was near being removed by the ingenuity of my worthy friend a Sixth Clerk, who besides his being a great scholar and critic, is also a most excellent mechanic, and contrived a leg of cork, with a spring joint in the knee, and turning out its toes as naturally as one made of flesh and blood, and in this leg I practised the posture of knighthood by genu-flexion, my friend holding a drawn sword over my shoulder, but being too quick at the third rehearsal, in attempting to get up, after said friend had pronounced these words “rise up Sir George” I unfortunately snapped the spring, and fell on my chin to the ground, so as to be much bruised, and would have been a sore, but for the use of a salve, which is sold by my nephew Todd, for bruises, maims, contusions, dislocations and other scratches, in Parliament-street. When the above leg is repaired, I propose accepting the order in it, which I am told his Excellency the Lord Viscount Townshend is willing to confer upon me, in the same manner as the Earl of Chesterfield.

(r) *Much German pride and Irish blunder.*]—The Germans are supposed in general to be a proud people : Julius Cæsar, and Mr. Nugent, give them this character. The Irish are very unjustly charged for a particular talent in blundering ; but it is well known that no people express themselves in their native tongue, the English, with more perspicuity and precision, the Dean of St. Patrick's, who, tho' born and bred in England, always declared himself, when sober, to be an Irishman. It will not, I hope be considered as presumption, that I add the authority of my journal,

No brain but his could e'er contain
 Stories so vapid, old and vain ;
 So Plutarch tells of poison cold,
 Which asses hoof alone can hold.
 Humour and mirth no more are found,
 For C——ll casts a gloom around.
 Lethargic dullness loads each eye,
 Ev'n dunces please, when C——ll's by!
 Thus sunshine, sparks from flint conceals,
 Which darkness of the night reveals.
 In Pliny's learned page it's found, (s)
 That lightning cannot sea-calves wound ; (t)
 Congenial is the dunce's matter,
 Callous to wit and pointed satire.

Un-

nal, which is considered as the standard of our language ; whereas I have always consulted the particular propriety of diction, and may be bold enough to challenge any author now extant, for such a variety of traits, written in so unblemished a purity, without any abbreviation of termination, and abounding in the best chosen epithets.

(s) *In Pliny's learned page, &c.*] — Pliny wrote many books, and was killed by Mount Vesuvius falling upon his head, though he always wore a pillow fastened to the top of his whig, to save him from that accident.

(t) *That lightning cannot sea-calves wound.*] — An animal that seldom appeareth on our sea-coasts, unless to fishermen in the main Ocean.

Unfatisfy'd with nonsense said,
 He's now resolv'd to read us dead,
 With pamphlets naufeating he'll puke us,
 On Lord May'r's feasts and Doctor Lucas (u)

E

He

(u) *On Lord May'r's feasts and Doctor Lucas.*—A very remarkable apothecary, and member of parliament. He lived upon Ormond-quay, in Dublin, at the sign of Boyle's-Head, who was a famous druggist. He was banished from Ireland by a vote of the House of Commons, which confined him to Newgate. He returned to his native country by the special mercy of his Majesty, whom he hath always continued to oppose (for his good) in two parliaments, where he representeth the city of Dublin. This gentleman unfortunately died between the different editions of this work, which prevented that accident being mentioned at first. Being one of his constituents, and having a scarf at his funeral, riding in my chariot, which I borrowed from one of the sheriffs, when the greatest peers and patriots walked on foot, I thought it my duty to celebrate his memory by the following pastoral Dirge, which I sent to the Freeman's Journal, of Saturday Nov. 9, 1771, which I knew it would please the Doctor to have it inserted in his favourite paper, under the title of Corydon.—The reader will observe that I have taken notice of the miserable, distressed, distracted symptoms in which the Doctor has left the kingdom in general, no cocks crowing night or morning, nor violets or primroses blowing in our pleasure gardens, the Doctor having died when King William was born, it being the fourth of November 1771.

Sacred to the memory of Doctor Charles Lucas.

I.

Come every Nymph and every Swain,
 Every Dryad of the Plain,
 Ye Naiads from your Streams emerge,
 Join me in the mournful Dirge.

II.

Tune your Reeds to solemn sound,
 With cypress strew the hallow'd ground,
 For ah! your faithful Corydon
 To the Elysian fields is gone.

III.

See the primrose droops it's head,
 The violets fade, the daisy's dead;
 Each flower in sorrow dies away,
 The kids and lambkins cease to play.

IV. The

He sings of beggars blind and dark,
 Like some old snuffling parish clerk:
 For stanzas vile he racks his brain,
 And vainly mimicks Howard's strain!
 He writes, he hobbles, bows, and leers,
 To gain a seat among the peers;
 And ev'ry abject art he tries,
 To prove he's qualify'd to rise.
 With panegyric he bespatters,
 Degradating him he meanly flatters.

Ah,

IV.

The tuneful race in every grove
 Neglect their song, neglect their love.
 The village cock forgets to crow,
 And grief sits perch'd on every brow.

V.

Hark the solemn tolling bell,
 Rings his last his funeral knell,
 See the weeping train approach,
 The black plumed hearse and fable coach,

VI.

Lo Ierne by his side,
 Fainted mourns her greatest pride,
 Sighing o'er his dear remains,
 Her beauteous cheek with sorrow stains.

VII.

Tune your reeds to solemn sound,
 With myrtle strew the hallow'd ground,
 For ah! your faithful Corydon
 To the Elysian shades is gone.

Ah, purblind knight! thy arts misplac'd,
 Think better of a Townshend's taste:
 Fools only will such praise assume,
 As Hottentots think grease—perfume.
 Mark with what ease his brain creates
Speeches ne'er *spoke*, miscall'd Debates,
 Till at the goddess Dulness' summons,
 He makes one C——ll of the commons. (v)
 Thou, Hutchinson, (w) whom every muse
 With winning grace and art endues,
 Whose power 'gainst prejudice contends,
 And prove that law and wit are friends,
 In that promiscuous page alone,
 By letters I. H. H. art known.

E 2

In

(v) *He makes one C——ll of the Commons.*]—Doubts having arisen how the deficient vowels are to be filled up, I consulted several friends: my nephew Todd imagineth it meaneth caudle, a liquor drank by lying-in ladies, as it is composed of several mixtures: (I think it best when it is strong of the white wine). Mr. Croker very ingeniously hinteth, he makes one *cartfull* of the commons; that is, the commons all move together in the same machine. I think, with submission to better judgments, that the word *dunghill* removeth all difficulties, and corresponds exactly with the author's meaning, and with every thing but the text.

(w) Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, Prime Serjeant and Member for the city of Corke.

In thee Malone (x), the nations boast,
 Precision, law, and sense are lost.
 Andrews (y) who knows with various skill,
 To rule the passions at his will,
 Who like a wise musician seizes,
 The tone which best his audience pleases,
 Wonders to find NEVALDI sunk
 To a vile scraper blind and drunk.
 How oft on polish'd Osborne's (z) tongue
 Pleas'd the attentive Senate hung?
 While parties emulously strove
 Which most should praise, what all approve.
 Now view him in thy faithless strain
 Pert, peevish, and perplexed as M——ne. (a)

Gisborne

(x) Right Hon. Anthony Malone, Member for the county of Westmeath.

(y) Right Hon. Francis Andrews, Provost of Trinity College, and Member for Londonderry.

(z) Right Hon. Sir William Osborne, Bart, one of the Commissioners of the Revenue, and Member for the borough of Dungarvan.

(a) Sir William M——e, Bart. lately a Privy Counsellor, and at present Member for Carysfort. He is supposed to understand hand-writing and accounts as well as any book-keeper in Meath-freet, he is very fond of cyphering and arithmetic, and every day wanteth to know more of them.

Gisborne (b) who says—just what he ought,
 Who weighs, condenses every thought,
 Whose logic, faction can controul
 And strike conviction to the soul;
 With energy no longer pleases,
 But worse than babling Cr—m—r teazes. (c)
 Think false retailer how each sprite,
 Will haunt thy slumbers every night,
 While these dread sounds invade thine ear,
 And chill thy conscious soul with fear.
 “ Where’s Pery’s (d) deep ironic sense?
 “ Where Flood’s (e) impetuous eloquence?
 “ Where witty Howard’s (f) well-timed jest?
 “ In thy cold tale so ill express’d?

“ Where

(b) Major General James Gisborne, Member for Lismore.

(c) John Cramer, Esq; Member for the borough of Belturbet, and seventh cousin to the E— of L—s—h.

(d) Right Hon. Edmond Sexton Pery, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Member for the City of Limerick.

(e) Henry Flood, Esq; Member for the borough of Callan.

(f) The late Counsellor William Howard, Member for the borough of Lanelborough, he was remarkable for wit and humour, and told many pleasant stories and sprightly bon mots, viz. seeing once an officer of the Light Infantry who was very little with a large plume of feathers in his cap (said the Counsellor) “ If he had but a cork in his

“ tail

“ Where Langrishe, (g) French, (h) and Brown-
low, (i) gone?

“ Where the bright flame of Hamilton?

“ Dull Chymist!—all exhal’d and fled!

—Thy caput mortuum in their stead.—

But whither, Clio, wou’dst thou rove?

Fond thy descriptive pow’r to prove,

Resume the theme, resign’d too long,

Let Howard’s praise conclude the song.

Mæcenæ puff’d by ev’ry quill, (k)

Sits highest on the three-fork’d hill:

And

“ tail one might make a Shuttle-cock of him.” And at another time meeting a young Squire who was just returned from abroad, and very conceited, “ He is (said the Counsellor) something like my grey “ circuireering horse, the worse for travelling.” These bon mots my friends tell me, are not to be compared with some of my own, viz. what I said to the gentleman who was angry at being killed by my Journal, which will be seen further on in these annotations; also to the Earl of Chesterfield, on said Earl’s complaining that the letter and paper of my Journal were not of different colours, with many others too tedious to insert.

(g) Hercules Langrishe, Esq; Member for the borough of Knoctoph.

(h) Robert French, Esq; Member for the town of Galway.

(i) Right Hon. William Brownlow, Member for the county of Armagh.

(k) *Mæcenæ puff’d by ev’ry quill.*]—Caius Clinus Mæcenæ a great lover of learning, and learned men. For his history, and that of the Emperor Augustus, and the whole policy of his reign, see Littleton’s Dictionary.

And lives for ever in the praise
 Of Horace's and Virgil's lays (1)
 Yet not one stanza of his own
 Has made the poet's patron known.
 While Howard to unborrow'd fame,
 By his own works asserts his claim :
 Then let a double wreath reward
 The muse's patron and their bard.

(1) *Of Horace's and Virgil's lays.*]—They are both to be had, from the hours of eight in the morning till twelve at night, at my shop in Parliament-street.

I have now gone through the several passages of this admired poem, which I thought required any illustration or comment, and the reader will judge how far I am qualified for the duty of a commentator; tho' the success I have already met with in that capacity, leaveth me little room to doubt of the public indulgence. It would be ungrateful, did I not take this public opportunity of returning my thanks to the many learned friends who have favoured me with their assistance in this arduous undertaking : they are such a catalogue of names as would do honour to the greatest wits of antiquity ; and the man who can boast of the friendship of Mr. Dane, sixth-clerk ; Mr. Dexter, keeper of the Four-courts Marshalsea ; Mess. Kavanagh and Croker, attorneys at law ; Mr. Thomas Mullock, notary-public, in Skinner-row ; and alderman Emerson, of the spinning wheel, Castle street ; need not be ashamed of putting his name to any work, in which they have been his coadjutors. My nephew, Thomas Todd, has been so often mentioned in these notes, that 'tis unnecessary to say any thing in his praise, further, than that he is an acute critic, a great traveller, and I have always found him very faithful and diligent in his duty, as my foreman. To him, therefore, this work is inscribed, by

His sincere friend, and paternal uncle,

GEORGE FAULKNER.

E I N I S.

The world's nation and their part.

THE
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